

# DEAFMUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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## Vacation Days

It's getting on to spring again,  
My thoughts are on the wing again  
To joys that are to be;  
And in a few short weeks again  
The hills and woods and creeks again  
Will whisper things to me.  
And every bird and bee again  
Will sing their tunes to me again  
And tell me it is May;  
And like a sparrow wild again,  
Or as a little child again  
I'll throw a day away.

I'll quit the ceaseless grind again  
And leave all care behind again,  
Nor think about the cost;  
I'll spend an idle day again,  
Nor count the while I play again,  
The gold that may be lost,  
I'll chum with book and sky again  
And let the mad hours fly again,  
As sailors home from sea,  
And for a little while again  
I'll be myself and smile again  
The boy I used to be.

—Edgar A. Guest.

## Out in the Rain Together

By Henry Sheak

I made a trip to India to get specimens of the smaller but more brilliantly colored Bengal tigers. My chief object was to collect skins of the beautiful cat for Dr. Charles B. Cory, then curator of zoology in the Field Museum of Chicago. Dr. Cory was also in the market for anything else of value that we could find. I hoped too to bring back some living animals for zoological parks and traveling menageries. As on the former occasion Joe Jackson was my hunting companion.

I shall not tell the story of my trip to India; I want only to relate one of the incidents of those four wonderful months spent in tropical forests—an experience that is notable not so much for its exciting or dangerous nature as for its novelty and for the absurdity of the position in which the two of us found ourselves.

Our first camp was in central India on the right bank of the Ganges. Late one afternoon while we were scouting along a small creek, about a mile back from the great river, I discovered tiger tracks in soft ground. Jackson agreed with me that a mother and two half-grown cubs had made them. The spoor could not have been more than twenty-four hours old. That night, to see whether the cats were still in the neighborhood, we tethered a kid to a bush near where we had found the tracks. We did not give the kid any supper, and he made the dark forest noisy with his bleating. In the morning the bleating young goat was gone. There were a multitude of fresh tiger tracks about.

That afternoon we set to work to build a platform in a small banyan tree that overlooked the scene of the tragedy. It was a blistering hot day, and our native helpers were all but useless. We could hardly make them understand a thing. Jackson and I had to do the work ourselves. It was no small task to cut timbers of sufficient size and strength, haul them with a rope to the top of the banyan and lash them together solidly enough for a platform from which to shoot. When we had finished the task night had fallen, and we were dead tired and oozing with perspiration.

"If there is any place hotter than this, I don't want to go to it," said Jackson dejectedly.

We took a bath, put on dry clothes and ate a hearty supper of fried venison and boiled rice that the cook had made ready for us and had some delicious sliced mangoes for dessert. By that time we felt considerably rested and refreshed. We started at once for the banyan. It was a wonderful night. The full moon climbed higher and, lighting up the aisles of the forest till they seemed almost as bright as day. I was astonished at the profound silence. Scarcely a leaf was stirred. A sleepy bird chirped a complaint now and then, and once a chorus of deep, guttural grunts came up from the direction of the river, probably a herd of gaur drinking their fill. Later there came a single shrill trumpet from an elephant. Otherwise the great tropical forest was wrapped in unbroken silence.

The night wore away. The kid that we had brought with us had probably lain down at once and gone to sleep, for he made never a sound. There was no sign of tigers. I was disgusted.

As the moon sank in the west an unutterable weariness crept over me. It seemed impossible to keep awake any longer. I rubbed my eyes, pulled my hair and worked my fingers and toes in an effort to arouse myself. I saw that Joe was as sleepy as I. Our limbs were cramped, but we dared not move for fear of making a noise and frightening away our tigers, which might be silently creeping upon the kid at that very moment.

I had dropped off to sleep, but a loud snort brought me back to sudden consciousness. The dim gray of dawn was just coming over the forest. Jackson, gun in hand, had risen to his knees and was peering out over a clump of bushes to the north. I heard several faint sniffs and then saw vague forms in uneasy movement. In half a minute more I made out a small herd of black bucks, or Indian antelopes, all with their heads in the air. It was evident they were alarmed by some scent but could not make out in the still morning air from what direction it came and hence were undecided which way to run. Probably they had got a whiff of us, but they could not see us, hidden as we were among the foliage of the banyan.

I was just about to say to Joe, "I've had enough of this; let's go down," when a slight movement among the bushes a hundred yards to my left attracted my attention. In the grim gray light I could at first make out nothing. I riveted my attention to the spot. Slowly three crouching, creeping forms emerged from the obscurity. On was in the lead; another was a little to one side and slightly in the rear; the third was well behind. The forest was very silent. Nothing could be heard except the droning of some nocturnal insects. The birds were not yet astir, strange as it may seem, for daylight was breaking. The little figures crept closer—three beautiful tigers. The two ahead were cubs, and the one in advance was the larger of the two. Behind them came the mother.

They had covered perhaps half the distance between the spot where I first saw them and our tree, when suddenly the form of the mother stiffened and stopped. She rose to an erect posture, lifted her head into the air and sniffed. "I imagined she gave a soft purr-r-r as a warning to the cubs. Since they did not pause, she uttered a sharp, frightened mew. I surmised that she had caught our scent. But the cubs either did not hear or were reckless with hunger or heedless from over-confidence and faith in their own prowess. With bodies pressed close to the ground they crept on crouching behind bushes, boulders and tree trunks, getting nearer and nearer. At last the mother gave a loud whine of fear. But it was too late. Just then I was startled by a second loud snort from the direction of the antelopes, and instantly the herd broke into wild flight, not away from us or away from the tigers, but directly towards us and at right angles to the crouching cats. Talk about running! The first speed of a black buck when frightened surpasses anything else I ever saw! They ran directly under us and disappeared in the jungle bordering the creek.

I was astonished. Why had they done that? To add to my astonishment the tigers did not charge the game, as in all reason they should have done, since the antelopes passed directly in front of them and not more than fifty yards away. But my curiosity was soon satisfied.

Simultaneously a pack of dholes broke out of the bush and charged the tigers. The dhole, or wild dog of India, is one of the most formidable beasts of the jungle. He hunts in packs of from twenty to thirty and never gives tongue, but follows his quarry silently, remorselessly. When once a pack of dholes has struck the trail of an animal that animal's doom is sealed, whether it be a deer or tiger, unless indeed the trail is crossed by more desirable prey. Otherwise they will follow the quarry for days and are sure eventually to run it down.

The first dhole was on the larger cub before he could turn. A swipe from the cub's paw sent him tumbling over and over again. As the cub

wheeled to flee the fangs of the second dog caught him in the flank, doubtless with a sensation like that of red-hot iron. He gave one long leap, but as he alighted he saw two dogs coming out of the bush on his line of retreat. He dared not take time to look back, but at that juncture something struck him from behind; it was the hapless body of a hole whose neck the tigress had broken with a lightning sweep of her paw.

Just then the smaller cub emitted a scream of pain. Death was staring the trio in the face. Their position was like that of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava; the enemy were in front of them, behind them, to the right of them and to the left of them. The fight was hot and furious. For the tigers there was only one possible chance of escape.

An old mulberry tree stood twelve or fifteen feet to the left of the larger cub. The lion is the only cat that cannot climb; the tiger rarely climbs, but can under stress of circumstances. Knocking the nearest dog right and left, the young tiger gave a long spring, reached the trunk of the mulberry and before the dholes could close upon him again had scrambled to safety among the lower branches. The dogs had not foreseen any such movement, and the pack left the smaller cub and his mother and concentrated their attention on the one that had escaped. Knowing that the respite would be brief at best, the remaining cub and his mother climbed another tree.

The desperate fight took less time than it has taken to tell it. Although we ourselves had climbed the banyan for the express and avowed purpose of shooting those three tigers, our sympathies, much as we wanted their skins, were all on their side. At the most critical moment, when hope for the three splendid tigers seemed at the vanishing point, Jackson exclaimed:

"Drat the dogs! I've a notion to shoot two or three of the ringleaders."

"Don't do it," I answered, "you are more likely to frighten the tigers than the dholes. If you attract the attention of the tigers for one instant away from the desperate business in hand, they are lost. There are so many of the dogs that the death of one or two or three will make little difference."

It is needless to say we were highly gratified when we saw the beautiful felines safe from the fangs of the cruel curs.

Day had now fully come. The sun was just peeping over the eastern horizon. The dholes lay down quietly beneath the two trees, and the seige began. But the savage beasts had hardly got settled, when the one nearest the banyan elevated his muzzle and sniffed the air. He growled and peered into the top of our tree, but I do not believe that he saw us. Then he trotted over and lay down directly beneath our platform. Almost immediately a second dog came over and lay down beside him. A few minutes later a third dog up and began circling round our tree. Soon he winded the kid and was upon him in an instant. The one piteous bleat brought four or five other dholes, and they made quick work of the creature.

"The poor kid," growled Jackson. He lifted his heavy express rifle to his shoulder, glanced along the barrel and pressed the trigger. A loud report broke the solemn stillness of the morning forest. The dog lay dead with a steel-tipped bullet through his heart. Instantly half a dozen of the brutes were upon their fallen companion, devouring him. Not one of the pack uttered a bark or a whine.

"The demons!" exclaimed Joe. "Could cruelty and total depravity go farther than that?"

The sun rose over the tree tops and shot its fiery rays down among the leaves. The earth became like a glowing furnace; the heat grew insufferable. Being anything but agile climbers, the tigers were compelled to lie comparatively still, lest they fall. Their great tongues were lolling out of their mouths, and they were panting for breath. They looked as miserable as Joe and I felt. I can say no more.

An hour before midday heavy clouds began to gather on the horizon. The dark bank grew

rapidly and became blacker and blacker. Vivid flashes of lightning zigzagged across the sky. The mutterings of thunder seemed to grow into the reports of heavy artillery. Then the rain came. The doors and windows of heaven seemed to have opened suddenly, and the waters came down in a flood. The big cub, the little cub and their mother were almost drowned. They were in sorry plight, and so were we. But the dholes seemed perfectly at home in the storm. Not one of them left to seek shelter, or showed any signs of discomfort or restlessness.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The lightning flashes retreated to the horizon; the mutterings of thunder died away in the distance; the sun came out. The reeking moisture changed into steam, and the whole world seemed to have become a boiling pot. Life was almost unendurable. To add to the discomfort of the afternoon, the storm had no sooner passed than swarms of flies, gnats, mosquitoes, wasps and other biting and stinging insects, began to fill the air. The great cats, clinging to the swaying branches, were driven to the verge of madness. When a young gaur unwitting strayed into the opening the larger cub seemed half inclined to leap from his retreat and join in the chase, taking his chances with the dogs, rather than endure the torment of the heat and the insects longer. But about two-thirds of the pack remained on guard, and his courage failed him.

"Professor, I can stand a lot of unpleasantness, but I've reached my limit. I'm going to shoot those dogs!" declared Joe.

"How many cartridges have you?" I asked.

"I had eight, but I used one; that leaves me only seven."

"I have six; that's only thirteen all told, and there are about thirty of the dogs. If we should kill a dog with each cartridge, fully half of them would be left. The chances of frightening them away are small. Then too perhaps we shall be in a sorer need of our ammunition later. A tiger or a leopard may take a notion to climb our tree. The chance that those rascally native helpers of ours would hear our fusillade and give us any help are entirely negligible. Besides, the tigers will probably take this unpleasantness, as you call it, philosophically, as a part of the day's work and remain in the community, but if we raise a hullabaloo with our guns, they'll doubtless leave our parts unknown. No, Joe, I have thought it all out, and there is no use shooting, at least not at this stage of the game."

"I'm getting hungry enough to eat the whole pack of dogs," growled the hunter.

"That's just exactly the way they feel towards us," I answered.

The afternoon wore slowly and painfully away. The sun slid down toward a fringe of waving palm fronds. A cooling breeze was coming up from the river. The big cub caught a glint of pale fawn between two clumps of bushes, and instinctively he flattened his body against the limb. A moment later a transformation came over the pack. One dog lifted his nose, then another and another. Confusion prevailed for the brief space of five or six seconds. Some moved one way, some another. Then as they caught the scent they sprang together in crowded rank and vanished. I had caught a mere glimpse of a herd of black bucks. The same herd of antelopes that had got the tigers and the hunters into trouble in the morning got them out of it at night.

The big cats began to climb down from their uncomfortable perches. Jackson raised his gun.

"Don't do it, Joe," I said, laying my hand on his arm. "We've been out in the rain together. We're like brothers. I can't kill them; at least not today."

"Just the way I feel about it, professor," added my companion and lowered the gun.

The three beautiful cats climbed down undisturbed and slunk away into the darkening forest.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

## OMAHA

The "authority" quoted by Mr. Meagher in a recent issue of the JOURNAL evidently was not well acquainted with Fay Teare, star basketball player of the Nebraska School for the Deaf. If Teare was ever inclined to be defeated, it was the year before N. S. D. won the championship. He was not allowed to play on the team for several months, and he vowed to show the stuff that was in him, rising to undreamed of heights in the sporting world. Meagher was right. One or two men do not make a team. "Dumpty" Taylor, former coach at the Iowa School, attended the Illinois-Nebraska game, and remarked that, with Elliott and Pettit out, N. S. D.'s chances were greatly weakened. Also, there was some lack of harmony in the N. S. D. team before the game which sealed the deaf boys' defeat in the tournament this year. Teare, "the boy who came back" stayed back, and ranked second in the number of points among Omaha high school players this year. Spatz was fourth, and Jahnel well up on the list. They met with stiff competition all along, and were trained to be modest in victory and smiling in defeat.

Zach B. Thompson entertained "The Iowa graduates of 1884," Saturday evening, March 17th. It was the first class of graduates in the school's history. Out of ten members, all are living except three. Only two were able to attend the party, besides the host, so to make two tables at bridge, he invited Mrs. J. S. Long, Mrs. W. E. Dobson, their son and daughter, Chester and Mary, and Miss Florence Wilcoxson, the only teacher, surviving. The prizes were sent by Mr. Thompson's daughter, Mrs. Gesner, from Los Angeles. The ladies' prize, a linen luncheon set, went to Mrs. Long. Mr. W. E. Dobson won the men's prize, a leather book cover. The consolations, a pair of candle sticks and candles, and a deck of cards, went to Mrs. Dobson and Dr. Long, respectively. A huge plum pudding was also sent by Mrs. Gesner. The party recalled memories covering nearly fifty years, and was a very enjoyable affair. A box of flowers was sent by Tom L. Anderson with the compliments of *The Hawkeye*, with which Mr. Thompson has been connected since 1880. Dr. Long joined the apprentice class of the following year.

During the winter Ziba L. Osmun's business at his tire shop was on the slump, and he and Mrs. Osmun thought of moving to his farm near Stromsburg, but things are beginning to pick up, so they have rented their farm. However, the Osmuns may move there later. We wish them good luck in whatever they undertake.

Business at the Acorn Press has decreased, and the place will consolidate with the Omaha Printing Company. Edwin M. Hazel, who has worked there since coming here from Chicago a number of years ago, has rented his house, and he and Mrs. Hazel have moved to Robert W. Mullin's home. They expect to remain there till the first of June, when they may leave Omaha for good. They are "up in the air" at present, but will probably spend some time in Chicago, and then go to Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Hazel's home. We shall be sorry to see them leave. Mr. Hazel has been a great asset to Omaha Division, the N. A. D., and the "Lit" for several years, and always proved a willing hustler and "helping hand."

The Fontenelle Literary Society held its March meeting on the 19th, with an excellent program. Riley E. Anthony presided. Mrs. Emma Seely opened the program with an interesting story, "St. Patrick and the Jockey." There was a debate on, "Resolved, That man is a 'machine,'" with Owen Study on the affirmative, and Edwin Hazel upholding the negative. The judges, Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Robert E. Dobson and Albert M. Klopping, decided in favor of the affirmative, because Mr. Study displayed a keener comprehension of the element of refutation. Eugene Fry closed the program with a number of good jokes.

In the April issue of *The Iowa Hawkeye*, is a very interesting article, "Filming the Indian Sign-Language," by Dr. J. Schuyler Long. He says in effect that although the boy scouts have adopted the Indian sign-language, it is not suitable for universal usage, on account of natural limitations.

We have received a copy of *The Vocational Teacher*, published and edited by Tom L. Anderson. It is one of the best magazines ever printed by the deaf, and is devoted to the improvement of vocational instruction in American schools for the deaf. The March number describes the work at the New Jersey School. Mr. Anderson deserves praise for his achievement, and his paper should have the support of the educated deaf, and those interested in their welfare. It is only two dollars a year, issued quarterly.

Miss Kate Babcock, of Lincoln, gave a bridge party, Saturday evening, April 16th, celebrating the birthdays of Mrs. Fred Lee and Mrs. John M. Chowins. Mrs. Lee and Mr. Revers also received birthday presents. Appetizing refreshments were served.

Miss Viola Gleason is staying at the Chowins' in Lincoln, while taking examinations in beauty culture. She hopes to get a license as an operator.

Mrs. Ruth Booth, a hearing daughter of deaf parents, had a party for about half a dozen deaf people on May 14th. Two tables at bridge were enjoyed.

Albert L. Johnson's father died in California, Friday, March 25th. The body was brought here, and the funeral held the following Wednesday afternoon at Swanson's Mortuary. A number of deaf attended. Mr. Johnson was a lovely man, and Albert has our sympathy in his loss.

The N. A. D. committee gave a playlet entitled, "Wife Wanted," in the N. S. D. auditorium, Saturday night, April 30th. This was followed by shadow pantomimes. The whole affair was under the direction of Mr. Edwin Hazel. In the playlet, Mrs. Hazel as the bride, Oscar M. Treuke as "Mr. Jones," the groom, and Scott Cusaden as the priest, co-starred. Mr. Treuke had advertised for a wife through his valet, Edwin Hazel. He was lonely and tired of a "messy" house. Mrs. Treuke, a widow with two children, was first to answer, then came Mrs. Robert Mullin with a tub and washboard, Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship as a lame old woman, stooped and carrying a cane, Miss Ruth Neujahr, as the town's worst vamp, Mrs. Jas R. Jelinek in a riding habit, and Mrs. Hazel as a girl of eighteen seeking a home and Mr. Jones' fortune. The last named finally won, then a mock wedding followed. They all marched up the aisle to the "altar," one by one, "priest" Cusaden leading in a long coat and "Bible," and very dignified. The groom was given away by Mrs. Mullin, the washerwoman, who was continuously weeping. The "bride" was in mourning and carried celery, with a white curtain veil. Mrs. Treuke, and also the flower girl, Miss Ethel Nelson, followed with a bouquet of green onions, then the bridesmaid, Florence Howsden; Ziba L. Osmun, as a perfect drunk, and James Jelinek, as a "sissy," and Robert W. Mullin, as the best man, and also Mrs. Jelinek and Mrs. Blankenship. Mr. Osmun acted his part so well that we think a professional would have little on him. The pantomime represented "Maggie" and "Jiggs" (Mrs. Treuke and Mr. Jelinek); "Gone a-fishing," by Mrs. Jelinek; two inebrates, by Messrs. Mullins and Peterson; "Mother and Child," by Mesdames Mullin and Hazel. The auditorium was packed, some fourteen coming from Lincoln. A nice profit of \$28.50 was realized. An added attraction was a movie, showing scenes in California. The N. A. D. committee will give another movie, "The Showboat," Saturday, May 28th.

Abe Rosenblatt was confined to his home for some time during April with pleurisy, and John M. Toner was painfully injured at his work. After months of idleness, Mr. Rosenblatt is now working at the County Hospital.

HAL AND MEL.

St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf

Bosinger Memorial Chapel, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.  
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Woman's Guild, Second Thursdays, 2 P.M.  
Lectures, first and third Sundays 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M.  
Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.

## WEST VIRGINIA

The *Wheeling Evening News*, May 4, 1932, says:—A misunderstanding has swept throughout the state on the new ruling which bars issuance of drivers' permits to totally deaf persons.

C. E. Lang, Secretary of the Wheeling Auto Club who returned last night from Charleston, where he attended the first State Safety conference, conversed with Harold P. Tompkins, member of the State Road Commission.

Commissioner Tompkins said it apparently was not clear that the new regulation will not affect any deaf person now holding drivers' permits. We won't issue any more, at least we won't if the regulation stands as it is, he has explained.

The State Road commission has received fifteen protests to the new law, which recently went in effect.

Deaf motorists of West Virginia today, were being organized at Parkersburg to protest the ruling of the State Road commission, which has refused them during rights on the highways. The commission recently ruled that deaf drivers hazarded the safety of others and that no licenses would be issued to them.

Wheeling Auto of the Deaf is already organized; the matters being taken up last April 23d, in the basement of St. Matthew's Church. Its officers are: President William V. Rosenmund; William N. Herrold, Secretary; J. C. Bremer, Treasurer. Rev. H. L. Tracy was present.

The following was written by Andrew McClure, and sent to the Wheeling Chamber of Commerce:—

"At the invitation of W. Upton T. Rosenmund, Jr., the linotype operator who sets much of the type for this magazine, I was enabled to attend one of the most interesting meetings of my experience not long ago. This was a meeting of Deaf-Mutes of the Wheeling District held in the Sunday School Room of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church.

With probably forty present the meeting was addressed by Art Oliver, of the Parkersburg Automobile Club, who is helping the deaf in their agitation against the recent ruling of the West Virginia State Road Commission, forbidding deaf drivers licenses to drive.

That this is a vital question with these people goes without saying. Many of them drive their own automobiles and some have very valuable cars. Others are connected with the automobile industry and of course would be seriously handicapped in earning their livelihood were they forbidden to drive.

The deaf people have many arguments in their favor on the point because they have proven capable of driving. In one particular case in the Wheeling District is well shown. Mr. W. Norris Herrold has been driving for the Holloway family almost ever since automobiles were invented. He has proven himself to be a careful driver and has had many less minor and no major collisions or accidents in his long career of driving than have many in full possession of their faculties.

Mr. Oliver addressed the members of the assembly through an interpreter, by name of Mrs. Helen Roth. He spoke so that the hearing persons present could hear, then the interpreter who can both speak vocally and also "talk" the sign-language, translated the words into sign-language for the benefit of others present.

Those readers who have never attended a meeting of the Deaf-Mutes of the Wheeling District should do so. You will get your eyes opened. There are people who, although under a frightful physical handicap have been able, through their intelligence and determination, to find their proper niche in the social structure. All are well dressed and intelligent. They converse easily and rapidly on their hands with others of their kind and in conversing with those who do not use the sign-language they write their message clearly and concisely.

Not one Deaf-Mute in the Wheeling District is dependent on charity for support. Some, of course, through marriage or inheritance are able to live without working, but most of them hold responsible jobs and earn an honest living."

## MINNESOTA

The Minnesota Association for the Deaf will meet at Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn., July 28-29-30, 1932.

Immediately after the close of this convention the Duluth division No. 99, N. F. S. D., will hold its eighth annual picnic on Park Point (Minnesota Point) on the shore of Lake Superior which laps in the sand along the beach. Delightfully cool weather, swimming, canoeing, etc. Come and have a good time at the picnic.

This place is in the midst of the world famous Arrowhead Country. Come and enjoy the rare beauties of nature where many tourists come and go every year. Try and spend your vacation here.

For further information and accommodations, write to B. F. Round, care Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn., or Carl P. Magnuson, 2013 West 4th Street, Duluth, Minn.

## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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### Filming the Indian Sign-Language

It was a year or so ago that I noticed in a newspaper that Major General Hugh L. Scott, retired, was filming the Indian sign language. General Scott was eminently fitted to do this work.

Graduating from West Point in 1876, Scott saw service on the plains and came to know the Indians intimately. He was known among them as "the peacemaker," and probably knew their language better than any other white man.

When war was declared in 1917, although he was then at retiring age, he refused to give up and was given command of the Seventy-eighth Division of the United States.

He retired at the end of the war, however, and is now living in Princeton, New Jersey. Although 77, he is still active in public and civil life, being a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners of the federal government, vice-president of the Archaeological Society of New Jersey, and chairman of the State Highway Commission of New Jersey.

At the time I saw the article referred to above I paid little attention to it, except to cut it out and preserve the clipping. Last winter another item caught my eye, and I wrote to General Scott asking for further information and whether it would be possible to secure these films for showing here.

Gen. Scott wrote me a very courteous letter which I quote in part: "In 1930," he wrote, "Congress appropriated \$500 dollars to record the sign language (of the Indians) by sound and motion pictures. Members of various tribes speaking 13 different vocal tongues were assembled at Browning, Montana, and a set of films were made to prove the intertribal character of the sign language of the Plains Indians, by the photo division of the Agricultural Department. Later I turned in subtitles for some 2000 signs and filmed 450, when the money ran out. A bill is now before Congress to appropriate money to complete a dictionary of signs. The complete part was shown to members of Congress and their families in the caucus room of the House in Washington on February 15th. The reels are the property of the United States government under the control of the Secretary of the Interior."

"I have in addition a manuscript with which the government has nothing to do, which should go with these reels. It is a scientific exposition of the sign language of the Plains, giving the cause and method of origin, history; laws that govern its life, growth and practical use; its positions in the hierarchy of all human speech, classification of gestures. In fact, it answers about every question anybody can ask, and with what has been done already, the language will never be lost, but should go on in the future to an even more extended use than when confined to the Plains, as an international language if properly taken up by the Boy Scouts of every country."

"You know we have invented some 300 artificial languages, like Esperanto etc., for international communication, not one of which has been successful, because the people will not use them. But this sign language is an evolution caused by necessity for man's communication with his fellows. It has played a high part on the Plains for ages before the coming of the white man, the arbiter between peace and war and the means of spreading inter-tribal culture. It is subject to all the general laws of linguistic science save those of sound, and differs from vocal speech mainly in that it makes appeal to the human brain through the eye rather than the ear."

Hoping to persuade the general and convert him to realize the value of the sign language of the deaf as a universal language, I wrote him again pointing out the disadvantages of the Indian sign language as compared with that of the deaf and sent him a copy of my

sign manual. But I failed to convince him, as shown by a reply he wrote me. "I thank you very much for your letter of the 22d and the book received at the same time," he wrote. "I have long been in possession of what I judge to be an earlier publication of yours which I found of much interest. As to the similarity of the two languages I find it to be quite limited."

"When Frances Leupp was Commissioner of Indian Affairs he invited Dr. Gallaudet, the head of the College for the deaf, and myself to dine with him, with the object of finding out how near the sign-language coincided with that of the deaf-mute, but we could not get along very well together. Of course, as you well know, there are certain natural signs as I call them, used all over the world and in all ages of its history, but these are not sufficient in themselves to form a language. Most of the conventional signs are derived from imitation and I can readily see that the deaf-mute and the Indian would often seize upon different attributes for imitation. No doubt there are defects in the sign language for universal use, but these can easily be overcome. The great outstanding fact is that the Club of the Boy Scouts is founded upon the Indian in whom boys have romantic interest, while they have none in the deaf-mute, and it is largely a matter of capturing their interest. The sign language moreover is capable of development to meet necessity for communication. I do not see any grammar in the book you were kind enough to send me."

Romantic interest evidently blinds the judgment in this case. How the language of a primitive people, lacking in all the essentials of civilization can become a universal language, is hard to understand.

Science, literature, commerce and religion, are all foreign to the Indian's experience. What signs can he have to express the thoughts of a cultivated people in connection with them?

As a universal language the Indian signs may serve the boy minds of scouts, but as a universal language it would go the way of Esperanto and all its kind.—J. Schuyler Long, in the *Hawkeye*.

## PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reid, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the April issue of *The Pennsylvania Society News* notice appears concerning the next annual meeting of the Society at the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., from September 2d to 5th, inclusive, 1932.

Since then the Society, though its officers, has been notified that this arrangement cannot be carried out owing to extensive improvements, repairs interior painting, etc., that will preclude the use of the buildings for the entertainment of the members of the Society until close to the Fall reopening of the school. However, Gilpin Hall may be used for the meetings of the Society, if it is desired, and if the Society can arrange boarding accommodations elsewhere. According to the Board of Managers will meet again at an early date and make new arrangements for the coming meeting. So keep an eye on the JOURNAL for a special announcement.

No doubt the announcement of this change will cause a feeling of deep disappointment among the members of the Society, especially graduates of the Institution, who looked forward to the great pleasure of renewing school day acquaintances again. We are as yet unable to say what the Alumni Association, which also had expected to meet at the Institution alternately with the Society, has decided to do; but the day is also open for it to use Gilpin Hall and it may only require one or two sessions, a day at the utmost to meet and re-organize. An early announcement is expected, so watch the JOURNAL for it.

There is now the possibility of the Society deciding to meet in some other city of the State this year, in which case we shall have to await the decision of the Board of Managers. Whatever the Board decides, we hope that it will be acceptable to all members of the Society.

The Philadelphia Local Branch will proceed with its plans for its annual dance at Gilpin Hall on the Institution grounds, on Saturday, May 28th, as this arrangement is not affected like the early Fall meeting of the Society and should not be confused with it. Let all take note of this and help to make it a profitable and enjoyable gathering.

Due to lack of first hand information, we have not commented upon the unfortunate condition of the Rev. J. M. Koehler, who suffered a stroke recently that paralyzed his left side. The latest reports seem so favorable to him that there seems reason to believe that the effects of the stroke may cause him no very serious inconvenience and that his complete recovery may even be looked for in time.

Mr. William H. Lipsett delivered his dramatic reading of Marco Martellino, the Bravo of Venice, at All Souls' Hall last Saturday evening, May 14th. The twenty-six or more persons who made up the audience were well rewarded by a clear, intelligible, and interesting delivery, for which Mr. Lipsett has made a reputation. Its delivery occupied nearly two full hours.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Cleric Literary Association and President Charles Partington presided and introduced speaker. Refreshments were served at the close for a nominal charge. On the following day, Mr. Lipsett repeated the reading at an entertainment of the Reading, Pa., Frats.

We are pleased to report that the young child of Mr. and Mrs. Flenner, whom we reported ill with scarlet fever recently, is slowly recovering. Mr. Elmer L. Eby, of Lancaster, Pa., and Miss Alta Binner, of Quentín, Pa., were married by the Rev. Henry J. Pulver last April 7th. The ceremony took place at the bride's home and was followed by a trip to Philadelphia.

The Fairy Godmother's Club was to have met in Wissinoming Hall, Mt. Airy Institution, with Miss Mamie J. Hess as hostess, last January, but the meeting was postponed to February 24th, when it was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. King in West Philadelphia. A program for a Memorial Service was carried out successfully and was followed by refreshments. The next affair of the Club was a social at the home of Mrs. Robert MacNeill in Mt. Airy, and on April 13th a banquet was held at Horn & Hardart's restaurant, 16th and Chestnut Streets.

Mr. Ezra Schwalm, one of the best-known deaf in the interior of this State, died last April 5th, aged sixty years. He was a successful tailor by occupation, and took more than an ordinary interest in the affairs of the deaf, including the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. His widow and four children survive him. The Rev. Henry J. Pulver officiated at his funeral and burial was at Hedges, Pa., where he had spent his boyhood days. His later home was in Pottsville, Pa. Sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The Philadelphia Frats held an entertainment at the Fraternity Building, 1618 Arch Street, last Saturday evening, but we have received no report of it.

## Los Angeles, Cal.

Under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Murday, about fifty of the deaf had a picnic in Arroyo Seco Park on May 1st. This is one of the newer and at this season less frequented parks, with grassy lawns, fine old trees, tables and fireplaces. All had brought their lunch baskets or boxes, and coffee was sold, the profits going to the Sunshine Charity Circle. Later in the afternoon some of the party went to visit the Old Abbey of San Encino near there, at 6162 Pasadena Avenue, a quaint and interesting place.

This little known relic of early Spanish days has been restored and rebuilt by the present owner, Mr. Clyde Browne and two assistants, being nine years at it and finishing in 1925. Mr. Browne himself made the cabinet work, bricks and dug stone from the hill behind it. Many relics of the Spanish period are on exhibition in the courtyard and an adjacent room. The place is rented for weddings, parties and meetings. There are also small studios for artists or craftsmen.

A well known Los Angeles woman, Miss Anna Yates, aged 61, died on April 21st at the Sunland Sanitarium for tuberculosis, after being confined there about a year. She was educated at the Kansas School for the Deaf, and formerly lived in Omaha, Neb., and Council Bluffs, Ia., a number of years. On her second trip to Los Angeles, she remained for good and has been a resident here about twelve years.

Coming from a religious stock, all her life she had been a sincere Christian. When Mrs. Elsie Peters founded the Pull Gospel Church for the deaf here, Miss Yates joined it, and her funeral was conducted in that church by Mrs. Peters and Rev. Brewer, pastor of another church of that denomination.

After prayers, Mesdames Steffens and Allen, and Miss Taylor signed "Nearer, My God, to Thee," followed by an impressive talk by Rev. Brewer, explaining some appropriate verses of Scripture, interpreted by Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Royal LaMont gave a good rendition of "Ringing the Golden Bell." Mrs. Peters read the obituary and gave the closing prayers.

The services were according to the wish of Miss Yates, expressed to her sister before her death. The church was filled with deaf and hearing friends and there were beautiful floral tributes. The interment was at Valhalla Cemetery near Burbank; it is unique, as there are no monuments to mark the graves. A flat bronze plate marks each grave. These are not noticed on first entering the place, so the impression is that of a beautiful, quiet park. Miss Yates is survived by her sister, Mrs. Maude Thornton and family, of Reseda, and three brothers in Iowa.

Supt. Elwood Stevenson and Truman Ingle, Vocational Placement Officer for the deaf, of Berkeley, Cal., have spent nearly a week in Los Angeles. A public meeting was held the night of May 4th, at the Metropolitan Evening High School, where there is a night class for the deaf, with Mrs. Beth Gesner as instructor. It is claimed this is the

first class of its kind established by a city Board of Education, and was founded through the efforts of the California Association of the Deaf. About 300 of the deaf attended the meeting, which was mainly for the purpose of familiarizing the deaf with the night school work and the work of Miss Bernard.

Talks were given by Supt. Stevenson; Mr. Shafer, Assistant Supt. of L. A. schools in charge of Adult Education; Mr. Ingle; R. P. Handley, President of the C. A. D.; Miss Bernard, Job Co-ordinator for the Handicapped; Mr. Evans, Principal of the Metropolitan Evening High School. Mrs. Gesner interpreted for the local educators. Afterwards all were treated to coffee and doughnuts provided by Mrs. Gesner and Miss Bernard.

The Sunshine Charity Circle had a Benefit Card party the afternoon of May 5th, at the modern Social Hall of the Alvarado Apartments, where Miss Annabelle Kent is a resident. Bridge and "500" were played, and late in the afternoon a quilt made by the Sunshine ladies was raffled, and was won by Mrs. Josephine Dyson, who had never won anything at a raffle. It was a cold day, so the hot coffee and cake served were enjoyed.

First prize at bridge was won by Mrs. Alice Terry and second by Miss Mary Peek; "500" first prize by Mrs. Dyson and second by Mrs. C. Chaney. There was a profit of \$3—not so bad for these hard times. Tenants of that building are allowed the use of that hall for their parties, free of charge, so Miss Kent kindly secured it for the Sunshine Circle.

Miss Mona Thorne, of Montreal, Canada, and Miss Mamie Oislen, of Deerfield, Mass., have been visiting in Los Angeles. They were schoolmates of Mrs. Saxton Gilmore, at the Northampton Mass. school. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore entertained twenty-four guests at their beach bungalow in Long Beach on May 1st, in honor of Miss Thorne and Oislen. Mrs. Pierce Kane entertained in honor of Misses Oislen and Thorne at a bridge luncheon, at her bungalow on April 27th, having twelve guests at her table. First prize to Miss Thorne and the second to Mrs. Marguerite Abernathy. Mrs. Lillian Sonneborn also had a luncheon and party for Misses Thorne and Oislen.

Mrs. H. Pierce Kane attended the Sunshine Card party. She enjoys life in Los Angeles and says it is hard to tear herself away. Her favorite song is "I Love You, California." She mingles mostly with the oral deaf, but now and then comes to the other clubs. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watt are the proud parents of twin girls, born on May 1st, and have named them Lola May and Lois Ann. Mother and twins are doing well.

Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert entertained twenty ladies at a bridge luncheon on April 28th, at which first prize was won by Mrs. David Brown and the second by Mrs. Laura Phelps. Mrs. Howard L. Terry had a bridge luncheon at her home in Hollywood on May 3d, entertaining twenty ladies in honor of the bride, Mrs. Victor T. Terry. The guests were deaf, with the exception of the bride and Mr. Howard Terry, Jr., Mrs. Joe McManis and Miss Mildred Angle. First prize was won by Mrs. W. H. Rothert and second by Mrs. S. Himmel-schein.

Mr. Jessie Walton's birthday, May 11th, was honored by a surprise party, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham in Inglewood, arranged by Mesdames Bingham and Dyson. Mr. and Mrs. Walton had been invited to the Bingham's for the evening, she thinking only a few people would be there; so it was a surprise to her when she opened the door and saw thirty of her friends. Then she understood several of her husband's mysterious absences that afternoon.

A substantial luncheon was served, then came a few parlor games at which nice prizes were given. Then a big package was given to Mrs. Walton as a gift from her friends and her husband, who was in the secret. The wrappings and compartments were removed and disclosed the wonderful electrical Star-Rite Magic Maid, Mixer, Beater and juice extractor, a complete kitchen helper; a present any lady would be glad to receive. Mrs. Walton was quite overwhelmed, but managed a few words of thanks, and wishing her many future birthdays the company dispersed at a late hour.

San Diego Frat Division don't own a goat yet, so a party of Frats came up to ride the goat at L. A. Division on May 7th. Two ladies came with them, Mesdames Grims and Kuhn, and remained with the ladies at the Cosmopolitan Club. The others in the party were Mesdames Grims, Wade and son, Kuhn, Jesse Brown, J. F. Sticht, Stanley Wilson, Earl Hinton, Theodore Law, Berg, and W. H. Foster.

Ben F. DeCastro, of Panama, who is a Fanwood graduate, is spending a month with friends in Curacao, Dutch West Indies, where his sister's husband is in business. He sends his best regards to his New York acquaintances, and to his teachers and tutors of the Fanwood school.

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### ST. ANN'S NOTES

At the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church for the Deaf on Sunday, May 15th, the pupils of the Church School featured in a "Concert" consisting of hymns and Bible stories. The youthful choir, which sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," consisted of Clara Hermann, choir-leader; Peggy Reston, Edith Kaercher, Marion Danks and Bertha Marshall. Their rendition of the hymns was beautiful. The rest of the program was as follows:—

"The Works of God".....Willie Abbott  
"Jacob's Dream".....Harry Schroeder  
"Story of Ruth".....Eleanor Swanson  
"The Shepherds".....George Crichton  
"Naaman".....Mercedes Nordman  
"Christ Sings the Storm".....Peter Haydock  
"Writing on the Wall".....Alma Smith  
"Christ Casts Out Demons".....J. McAlister  
"The Lost Coin".....Wanda Decker  
"John the Baptist".....George Herbst  
"Joseph's Coat".....Alice Gates  
"The Transfiguration".....Henry Brown  
"Elijah the Prophet".....Mary Cail

The Annual Meeting and election of officers of the Parish of St. Ann's was held Thursday evening, May 12th. The treasurer's summary showed the financial status to be excellent, while the secretary summed up a creditable list of helpful activities during the past year. The election resulted as follows: Rev. G. Braddock, president; Dr. E. W. Nies, vice-president; Miss Eleanor Sherman, second vice-president; Miss Anna Klaus, secretary; Alfred C. Stern, treasurer; Edward C. Elsworth, assistant treasurer. The members of the Board are Mrs. E. W. Nies, Mrs. Gertrude Kent, Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, J. N. Funk, William Wren, and W. W. Thomas.

The next moving picture at St. Ann's Guild House will be Wallace Berry in "The White Tiger," on Saturday evening, May 21st, at 8:15 o'clock.

### V. B. G. A. ENTERTAINMENT

The annual entertainment given by the girls of the Virginia Butler Gallaudet Association, at St. Ann's Guild Hall, on Saturday, May 14th, drew a full house, and everybody was pleased with the stage play, the dance that followed, the refreshments served, and the sweets sold. As a fact, it was one of the merriest affairs that has been given for a long time.

Miss Elizabeth McLeod was the chairman of the play and the pinouetting—but not of the refreshments. The curtain was raised promptly on time and the scene revealed a fine representation of a subway trolley car, with sliding doors, seats for a dozen, and straps for the lurching standees to hang on while the car apparently speeded by. There were advertisement placards, direction strips for the dapper conductor (Miss Dibble) to adjust, and station signs.

The passengers entered at different stations, and their costuming and acting was very good and very funny, keeping the entire audience in almost continuous laughter. Those who took part were:—

Guard.....Irene Dibble  
Immigrant No. 1.....Mabel C. Armstrong  
Immigrant No. 2.....Alice D. Atkinson  
Laborer.....Rosa Brigham  
Old Maid.....Mary Muir  
Grandmother.....Anna M. Klaus  
Sweet Child.....Nancy D. Tyree  
Golf Fiend.....E. E. Sherman  
Orphan.....Mrs. H. Liebert

Two Deaf Men.....Misses Atkinson and Brigham  
An Old-Fashioned Woman.....Mrs. E. B. Diekmann  
St. Vitus Victim.....E. E. Sherman  
An Englishman.....Jennie Elliott  
Blind Man.....Dorothy A. Peters  
Rich Woman.....Mrs. J. M. Funk  
Professor.....Mabel C. Armstrong

A Cate School Girl.....Nancy D. Tyree  
Fat Man.....Rosa Brigham  
Jew.....Mary Muir  
Mammy.....Alice D. Atkinson  
Farmer's Spouse.....Jennie Elliott  
A Case of Sore Throat.....Mrs. Diekmann  
Gossip.....Dorothy Peters  
Bargain Hunter.....Anna M. Klaus  
Old Soak.....Mrs. J. M. Funk  
Prohibition Agent.....Mary Muir  
.....E. E. Sherman

Charles Olsen and Perry Schwan were the curtain and scene manipulators. The placards and posters, which were works of art, were done by Francisco E. Pont, while the subway car and scenery were fashioned by Ernest Marshall.

After the play dancing was indulged in, to the music furnished by Herbert Koblenz and Richard Pokorny, except for five or ten minutes when Louis Fucci was with them.

Candy was sold by Mrs. Harry Gil-len, aided by Mrs. Aufort. Refreshments were furnished all free of charge, under the supervision of Mrs. Jack Seltzer and Miss Elizabeth Thompson.

The V. B. G. A. is offered by Mrs. John N. Funk, president; Miss Alice Atkinson, vice-president; Miss Anna M. Klaus, treasurer; Miss Elizabeth E. McLeod, secretary; and its active membership exceeds thirty.

Mr. Frank A. Rubano, the president of Bronx Division, was presented with a solid gold charm by the members, made by Charles J. Sanford. He is very proud of it.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel (Hodgson) Wilson came from Philadelphia to be present at the V. B. G. A. play, as also did Mr. John A. Roach.

## GREATER NEW YORK, N. A. D. BRANCH

The Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, held a meeting in the Union League Hall, 143 West 125th Street.

There were present about sixty, and of these only twenty-eight were members of the Branch. The Branch has over one hundred members in good standing.

The Ways and Means Committee appointed at the last meeting reported that they had made inquiries of twenty-two deaf-mute organizations in the city, for their cooperation in the event they decided to accept the proffer of holding the N. A. D. next convention in this city in 1933—fourteen had answered they would heartily cooperate, three refused, and the rest were not heard from.

After some debate in regard to accepting the proffer, a vote was taken, by members present, and resulted in a small majority 14 to 9, in favor of accepting the offer.

A motion was then made to appoint a committee to raise funds and make other necessary arrangements, but this was put over till after the election of new officers of the Branch for the year 1932-1933, which resulted as follows:—

President, Dr. Edwin W. Nies; Vice-President, Jack Ebin; Secretary, Marcus L. Kenner; Treasurer, Samuel Frankenheim; Executive Committee, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, John N. Funk, and Miss E. Sherman.

The president then appointed the following committee to go ahead with arranging for the next meeting of the N. A. D. in this city in the summer of 1933.

Marcus L. Kenner (chairman), Miss E. Sherman, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, John N. Funk, Benj. Friedwald, Mrs. Henry Plapinger and Rev. G. Braddock.

The above is in brief what took place at the meeting, and if the convention is to be held here, official notice will have to be made by the president of the National Association, Rev. Franklin Smielau.

Mr. William A. Renner at the meeting handed President Nies a five-dollar bill, to start the fund, and later Mr. Charles Wiemuth chipped in a dollar. The committee now has six dollars to start with.

### H. A. D.

"Superstition" was the subject of a talk given by Mr. Marcus L. Kenner before the Forum on Friday, the 13th. This Friday Mr. Sol. Garson will be the speaker. His subject will be "Civilization—Whither Bound?" The closing business meeting of the season was held on Sunday afternoon, the 15th, while in the evening, moving pictures held sway. Besides the regular news reel, a feature photo entitled, "Speak Easy," was shown. The season's activities are now fast coming to a close. The following are the remaining dates: May 18th and 25th—Movies, May 27th—Closing Services. May 29th—Memorial Services on H. A. D. grounds at New Mt. Carmel Cemetery. May 31st—Confirmation Exercises of Fanwood Religious Class at Hebrew Tabernacle, 161st Street, near Broadway. June 18th—Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration.

### CARD PARTY

The Lexington Alumni Association of the Deaf held a card party at the Lexington Avenue School, 67th Street and Lexington Avenue, on Saturday evening, May 14th.

Mr. Philip Freck and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen won at the bridge tables. The winners at "500" were:—

Ladies.—Mrs. Charles Golden, Mrs. Joseph Worzel, Mrs. Helen Greenberg, Mrs. Kaminsky, Mrs. Henry Plapinger. Gents.—Frank Fisher, Nathan Herfraser, Joseph Worzel, M. Steinhauser.

In the Whist contest there was only one table, and Carl Friedman was awarded the prize for having the highest score.

At the conclusion of the games, refreshments consisting of ice-cream and cake were served to all present.

There were present several of the teachers, who were pleased to meet their old pupils, and a pleasant social hour was enjoyed.

Mrs. Joseph Peters conducted the games in a satisfactory manner and afterwards gave out the prizes.

The Columbia Broadcasting Co. are using every means to popularize. Television hooked up with radio over W2XAB, and last Thursday evening, May 12th, Mrs. Sara Small Temple stood before the "Mike" and using her voice, and in the splendid signs she uses, she gave a half an hour of recital that told those who saw and heard her a great many things about deafness and deaf people and methods of education and results obtained. She also did some splendid debunking of frauds that aim to help or to cure deaf people where, as a matter of fact those helped are the hard of hearing. Mrs. Temple closed her evening's entertainment with two verses of "Lead, Kindly Light," to show the facility of the sign-language.

The Annual Field Day of the St. Joseph's Athletic Association on St. Joseph's grounds has been postponed to Saturday, May 21st. The baseball game between the Alumni and students will start at 1 p.m., and field and track at 3 p.m.

On Sunday afternoon, May 8th, a surprise linen shower was tendered Miss Betty Nooger, the party being arranged by Mrs. J. Cail and Miss Bessie Smelkin, and it was a tremendous success. Miss Nooger was so overwhelmed with joy, at seeing everything so carefully planned. The table decorations, could not have been more beautiful and the presents were so numerous that Betty will have an ample supply of linens for the rest of her life. Twenty-five "lassies" were invited and a grand and glorious time was had by all. It was a feast, fit for a king, and all hands joined in wishing Betty a happy wedded life.

For the past several years, there has been held in the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League an imitation of Coney Island Mardi Gras. This year it will be repeated this Saturday evening, May 21st, and on a bigger scale than heretofore, so the Entertainment Committee informs us.

There will be fine music, dancing, games for prizes. Confetti and streamers will be given to all who attend. The admission is only five nickels per person.

Sidney Harris, a former New York University football player, died in Fordham Hospital a few hours after he freed a burglar, whom he discovered in his sister's home. During a tussle for the burglar's gun, a shot was fired, striking Harris in the abdomen. He was a cousin of Henry Harris, a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

## BOSTON

The much advertised Farce Play and "Amateur Play," sponsored by the Boston Frat Division was held in the Huntington Chambers Hall, on April 30th. It was a success financially and socially. The following program rated much applause. The play entitled "Somewhere in Texas":—

Leading.—Rufe Bronson.....Bob McCarthy  
Character.—Sylvia Eagan.....Lillian Mitchell  
Colonel Gallatin.....Arthur Sinclair  
Mrs. Gallatin.....Helen Spier  
Ainsley Gallatin.....Arthur Doherty  
Hike Maynard.....Norman Daniels  
Gabe and Sander.....William Woodside  
.....William Zukowski

Dan Hartley.....Ira Betts  
Mort Milton.....Paul Mitchell  
Mary Harvey.....Mrs. Viola Woodside  
Lige Harvey.....Walter McConkie

The amateur winners were Mr. Norman Daniels, dressed as an Hawaiian; Mrs. H. N. Colby as Raggedy Ann; and Mrs. E. Kennedy as a United States dancer.

While it seems unfair to single out any of the performers for special mention, we cannot refrain from commending Mr. Peter F. Amico, the stage director, on this his first attempt. To him and Mr. Herbert N. Colby, the chairman, as well as his able assistants, great credit is due for a well spent enjoyable evening. Many out-of-town-ers were present.

A clam chowder dinner was given by the Oral Club at their meeting hall on May 6th. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing cards. Mesdames S. Williams, G. Bingham, A. Doherty, and Messrs. J. Higgins, W. Gill and Sherman, were the bridge winners, while Mesdames A. Wickens, Zwicker and Moore, and Messrs. A. Woodward, P. Mitchell and G. Scott, won at whist. This affair was under the capable direction of Mrs. Viola Hull.

Mrs. Carlisle entertained the Ladies' Auxiliary at her home in Lawrence, on Wednesday evening, May 4th. Business matters were disposed of, whist was played, and lovely prizes captured by Mrs. M. Kornblum, Mrs. A. Wickens, and Mr. I. Betts and Mr. Fisher. A sizable sum was realized from their military whist on April 19th, which helped to increase their fund for the Danvers Home.

The H. A. D. Bridge and Whist, instead of military whist, as previously planned, in aid of their Camp Fund for the needy deaf Jewish children, will be held in the Ritz Plaza, 218 Huntington Avenue, Boston, on June 18th. Mrs. M. Miller is the chairlady of this event.

A "Spanish Fiesta and Ball" will be staged by the Springfield Division, No. 67, at the El Patio, Hotel Clinton, (now familiar to those who attended their last two balls) on Saturday evening, May 28th. Their schedules for May 29th and 30th, include a vaudeville show, movies and a bus ride to West Hartford, where guests may participate in outdoor sports.

Miss F. Nider, who has been mingling with some of the local deaf of late, had a bridge social at her home in Mattapan, on Thursday evening, May 5th. The winners were Miss H. Spirt, and Mesdames J. Casteline and M. Miller.

Mr. S. Bachner of 55 Stanwood Street, Roxbury, is an excellent show card writer. He will be glad to help his friends, when they are in need of show card window displays. His charges are reasonable.

The social schedule briefly:—May 21st—B. S. C. Dance, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston. May 28th—M. B. A. Whist Ritz Plaza. June 11th—L. S. C. "Penny Sale."

While this goes into the press, the H. M. A. A. military whist will already have taken place.

HENRI.

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Ida Mastin, who has been here with her folks for the past few months, has now gone back to work for her former employers, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Duxbury, well-to-do citizens of Jarvis, Ont.

Your reporter took a trip out to Long Branch on May 1st to see Mr. Charles McLaren and the Timpson family, who are all bearing up under their recent heavy bereavement.

Mr. Colin McLean gave a very nice sermon at our service on the first of May, telling of how wonderful God is to us and we can see in the likeness of Him the wonders of this life as revealed in the changes of nature. Mr. McLean, who hails from Bonnie Scotland and was educated at a deaf school on the heights, is gaining fast in his oratorical talents.

Taking advantage of the low round trip rate of the week-end excursion to Windsor and Detroit, in which over two thousand people participated on Friday evening, April 29th, Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., and her youngest daughter, Caroline, paid a visit to their daughter and sister, Mrs. John E. Crough and her family, in Walkerville, and other relatives and friends in Windsor and Detroit, with whom they had a very pleasant time. They returned home the Sunday evening following.

After our service on May 1st, Supt. W. R. Watt voiced, on behalf of the husband, son-in-law and daughter of the late Mrs. Charles McLaren, their heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation for the lovely wreath, the many expressions of sympathy and the valuable assistance extended to Mr. McLaren and Mrs. McLaren and Mr. George J. Timpson in their recent sad loss. They also extend a warm welcome to their home near Long Branch to any who happen to stroll out that way, and Mrs. Timpson is ready at any time to help us in our church work or as an interpreter.

Mr. H. W. Roberts' two sisters, Mrs. Ben Johnson and Mrs. Arthur Belbeck, along with the latter's husband, also two uncles and two aunts, all of Jarvis, were guests at "Mora Glen" on May 3d, while attending the funeral of a relative in this city.

Several weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, it will be remembered, treated us to a moving picture entertainment, showing about fifty slides, then promised to show the other fifty later on. Well, true to his word, Dr. Ramsay again entertained an even larger crowd on May 4th. On this occasion, the slides were of a different variety, depicting scenes in Palestine and other parts of the Holy Land, such as the palatial home of King Herod, Joseph's well, and many other scenes that are today almost as intact as they originally were. As usual, Mrs. J. R. Byrne interpreted from a separate canopy. Rev. Dr. Ramsay was given a hearty vote of thanks at the close. It was suggested that these slides should be shown again as a part of our programme next Easter.

The Board of Trustees of our Church held its May meeting on the 2d, and again the business was expeditiously discussed and passed. Treasurer F. E. Harris again had a good surplus to report in the past month's receipts and disbursements, and this was in face of so many bills to be paid that matured on the first of May.

County Conventor F. E. Terrell reported all outside stations as going on stationary, except our Palgrave mission, which has been removed from our list on account of most of the home members working far from home.

Mr. Terrell also had his new list for the last half of his year ready for approval, prior to going to the printers. No new stations have been added so far.

Platform Conventor H. E. Grooms asked that Mr. John F. Gettelf be invited to join as a probationer, to which the Board acceded unanimously. Mr. Grooms also asked that another hymn reciting passage be added to our Sunday afternoon service, so that we may have psalms of praise before and after the regular sermon.

Mr. Grooms was given a free hand in arranging this for the new list that will soon be out. Our genial caretaker, Mr. Crawford, will continue at his duties during the coming summer. The question ament the increase from the Welsh Society that uses our church on a rental basis was deferred until a later date.

Mrs. Arthur Bowen and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., conspired together and decided to give Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crawley "something to think or; so on Friday evening, May 6th, they led a jolly bunch of fun makers into the Crawley home on Garden Avenue unexpectedly, and caught this couple "on the spot." The Crawley had often heard or had attended "get ups," but had never had one put over themselves before, and on this evening they certainly got a taste of it. The whole evening was most enjoyably occupied in reeling off fun and playing games, and before dispersing dainty refreshments were served around.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley, late of Bridgen, has disposed of his property up here and has been in this city for a while lately. At this writing we have no inkling of his future plans.

The grand closing exercises of our Kicuwa Club on May 7th, will be given a full write-up in your next issue.

The next week-end of May 7th, saw thousands of excursionists flooding into this city from Montreal, Belleville, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, London, Detroit, North Bay, Cobalt and other points. Mr. George Pepper came down with the swarm from London and spent that week-end very pleasantly with friends here, but the three specials from Montreal, which brought up over three thousand souls, had among its human freight no less than half a dozen were pleased to welcome Mrs. Harry Armstrong Oliver (formerly Miss Doris Davis, of St. John's, Que., and this city), Miss Winnie Dickson and Messrs. Stern, Herman, and Goldstein. Mrs. Oliver was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray, while Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Dickson were entertained at "Mora Glen." The last two named had never been in this city before and seemed dazzled at its beauty and size, as well as the kind and whole-hearted hospitality of its deaf citizens. They were shown around as much as could be crammed into the two days' grace of their sojourn here. They made scores of new friends while here, and as the train left the Union Station at midnight on Sunday on its fast all-night run back to the Canadian metropolis, they were seen to shed farewell tears as they waved good bye with acclaim "We want to come back again," their friends assembled to wish them God-speed, and who replied "Be sure to keep your word."

Here is a very touching anecdote and one that upholds the combined system as the foremost means in conversing with the deaf and giving pure oralism another black eye:—

At our late Bible Conference, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dickson, of Franksburg had their only son, Herbert, who works in this city, with them that Sunday afternoon and evening. Before the evening session began, Mrs. Dickson, thinking her son might like to go to his accustomed church to enjoy listening to the Easter carols, told Herbert that they would excuse him if he so desired to go. "Why," replied Herbert, with a beaming smile, "I am as much interested in your own service as I could be anywhere else," and his parents merely chuckled with pride. "And I just love the way they render such beautiful hymns in the sign-language, and the sermons as well," he added, as he smiled merrily. This was enough for his parents to ask of him, as they saw how gallantly their son stood by them. This is the sort of a young man any deaf mother of father would be proud to own.

Besides Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson have four other children, all girls, namely the Misses Laura Gertrude, Amy and Doris, and though all have their organs perfectly intact, they can talk in our sign language as fluently as any deaf person does—the Dickson children were taught the manual system as soon as they could walk and since then have become through delineators in its use.

### KITCHENER KNOCKS

Mr. Gordon Meyer, accompanied by Mesdames Lucille B. Moynihan and Newton Black, motored out to Elmira on Sunday, May 1st, to see how Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe were faring. They were very well, but Johnnie is still on the fence warbling for a job.

It is good news to relate that Mr. Charles, Sr., is now able to go around and personally thank his many friends who called to see him when he was on a cot in the K. and W. hospital a few weeks ago.

Since his wife was taken to the Freeport hospital, Mr. William Hagen has been hiring a hearing woman to look after his household work at his residence at 177 Weber St., East, but now Mr. Hagen would like to employ a deaf lady who is well versed in domestic work.

Any one wishing to take up this work should communicate with Mr. Hagen at the above address.

Miss Marie Forsythe, who is working as a housekeeper on a farm near Stratford, came down with a friend to see her parents in Elmira on May 1st.

The parents of Mrs. James P. Orr, of Milverton, who have been living in Breslau for years back, have now moved to Waterloo, and are pleasantly domiciled on Euclid Avenue, the same street on which the Moynihans once lived, before they moved to Detroit for a while.

Some of our young deaf girls and boys will be rejoicing in the freedom of school let out, and will arrive here from Belleville on the 8:30, morning train on June 15th, and one of the boys is especially rejoicing because his mother, who moved to Toronto last year, is moving back to this city again. He is Zelleck Sheff and is to graduate this year. He and Gordon Meyer are chumming pals.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bassler, of Hesson, were down this way looking up old friends a short time ago.

### WESTERN WAITINGS

The next convention of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf will convene in Winnipeg from June 28th to July 2d next, and as the time for this great meet is already ablaze on the horizon, the officers are hustling at fever heat to make it a roaring success.

A very warm welcome is extended to the deaf of the world to come and share in the big time that is promised. We look for many to come from afar. Come along and then have no regrets afterwards.

Mr. Melvin Cole, a graduate of the Belleville school, and formerly of Clinton, Ont., is now employed on a big farm out at High River, Alta. Your sub-correspondent understands he has a deaf sister somewhere down east. (P. S. You are right, my dear Perulia, Melvin has a deaf sister, formerly Miss Jean Cole, of Clinton, but is now married and living in Flint, Mich. Melvin also had a deaf brother, who was accidentally drowned in the Bay of Quinte at the Belleville school years ago.)

Mr. and Mrs. Noah LaBelle, of Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., are the only deaf couple living in that place or its neighborhood, and they would be more lonesome were it not for the weekly visits of the news-laden JOURNAL, which they declare is very interesting, in fact the best news gleaner of the deaf in Canada.

Mrs. N. LaBelle was formerly the agile, smiling, Miss Flora McGregor, of Toronto, Ont., and since she and Mr. LaBelle were married, they have been living in the West for over thirty years, and no wonder the JOURNAL mentions every week the welfare of old school-mates and friends, whom they know very well.

We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crawford, now living at Minto, Man., upon their wedding on the last day of last March. The young bride was formerly Miss Emma Anderson, and they were married in Brandon. They are Winnipeg school graduates.

Among the thousands of hockey fans who turned out to witness the Junior Hockey Championship games at Winnipeg, between the Winnipeg Monarchs and the Sudbury Wolves for the Mann Cup, was Mr. Walter F. Thorne, a son of deaf parents now living at Rochester, Minn. He was once on the staff of the Minnesota School for the Deaf at Fairbault, but is now vice-president and general manager of the Imperial Supplies Co., of Moose Jaw, Sask. At this game, he met Mr. Michael Grochmal of the Winnipeg school, and both had a pleasant conversation together.

Mr. Noah LaBelle, of Fort Qu'Appelle, has not been meeting with much success in his harness repairing shop this past winter. However, Noah is one of those who are never daunted and decided to try another avenue to success, so invented an improved patent machine for sharpening skates, and then the money rolled in. He sharpened over 475 pairs of skates during the past winter. Some business, mind you.

The nearest deaf neighbors to the LaBelles are those living at Lipton, Sask., an odd dozen miles away, so they do not meet as often as might be surmised. The LaBelle family are very anxious to take a trip down to Ontario, and especially to Toronto, this year. It all depends on how prosperity goes. (P. S. Come down, dear friends, your countless Toronto friends are yearning to see you again.—H. W. R.)

### WINDSOR WINDUPS

The deaf of this city were very much pleased to meet Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., and daughter, Carrie, from Toronto over a recent week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau and Mr. Albert Berthiaume were recently the guests of Mrs. Dorina Huegel in Detroit, and had a very pleasant time.

The deaf of this city now rejoice in having a club of their own, where they can meet each other in social intercourse as well as entertain visitors, who are heartily welcomed any day, as the club is open daily. It is now known as the "Border Cities Association of the Deaf," and is located on London Street, near Ouellette Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau recently received an invitation from the former's grandnephew, Mr. Ernest Prescault, of Ottawa, to go down and attend the Ordination Lacerdote at the Basilique in that city, to be given by his Eminence, Monseigneur Guillaume Forbes, on May 21st, and afterwards attend mass and other interesting functions at Lefevre, but the Charbonneaus are very sorry they cannot go just now.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

The social at London on May 28th will be arranged by the "St. Thomas Gang," who say they will shatter all previous gatherings. If they mean the attendance, and they come well armed, we'll not fear the consequences.

The report lately given out, that Mr. Reggie Garner has gone back to Old London now turns out to be misleading, for Reggie is still in Montreal, according to latest reports. It looks as if he has changed his mind and decided to remain where he is.

We understand that there will be another big gathering of the deaf held at All Saints' Church on Saturday evening, May 28th, and great preparations are going on to make it one of the best of the season. Next day Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, will have charge of the service at the Y. M. C. A. Whenever there is a social in the "Forest City" the "pushers" generally go over the top.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Dresden, recently motored down to Petrolia and gave Miss Edith Squires a pleasant visit. Mr. Adolphe Meyer, of Detroit, has been selling his wares in that vicinity lately, but when he called on the deaf they were aware of his presence through the JOURNAL's advance notice.

The "Bachelor's Social" in London on April 23d was a very successful

affair in every way, but fuller details are not to hand yet. The service next day conducted by Mr. H. E. Grooms, of Toronto, next day was very largely attended by a great crowd.

According to the latest Dominion of Canada census, the number of deaf as well as deaf and blind in each province are as follows:—

| PROVINCE             | DEAF | DEAF AND BLIND |
|----------------------|------|----------------|
| Prince Edward Island | 43   | 2              |
| Nova Scotia          | 363  | 4              |
| New Brunswick        | 308  | 4              |
| Quebec               | 2480 | 45             |
| Ontario              | 1465 | 19             |
| Manitoba             | 428  | 3              |
| Saskatchewan         | 305  | 1              |
| Alberta              | 207  | 4              |
| British Columbia     | 130  | 2              |
| Yukon                | 0    | 0              |
| N. W. Territories    | 0    | 3              |

The above figures do not include those slightly defective, but those totally deaf or blind.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

## CHICAGO

At the banquet table of Atlantic Hotel sat some fifteen bowlers, who, contrary to the etiquette, cleaned up the sumptuous plates to the last bone and crumb. What was it all about? Simply, to celebrate the close of the season of Likem Bowling League, and to formulate the working plan for 1933 period.

That evening, April 27th, this league characteristically decided to continue for another year—which would make it the fifth term of its existence. It has realized that since the influences of hard times have not abated, it would be folly to organize any number of teams. Last term it was four, now it is to enter one or two, to meet among themselves or other hearing teams. It has scrapped up all the by-laws and adopted A. B. C. bowling rules—with a few slight changes. Evidently, its power for adaptation is far from waning.

The newly-elected officers of this League are Ben Ursin, president; Walter Werner, vice-president; and Henry Bruns, secretary-treasurer.

Whoever attended the debate at Capital Building, May 6th, under the auspices of Chicago Division, No. 1, was not even given the chance of being disappointed, with such zest as displayed by the four debaters, Garrett and Cherry (wets) and Norton Henry and E. Craig (drys), concerning the question, "Shall the 18th Amendment be repealed," the audience was kept both laughing and impressed to the end. No judges were appointed, Mr. Wallace, chairman, called it a draw and let it go at that. However, the consensus of the hearers was in favor of Garrett and Cherry (wets) unanimously, they praised L. Cherry for his masterful summary, his logical order, and his power for saying few words, yet telling much that was conclusive.

Mr. Garrett is best remembered for his unmerciful sarcasm and keen intensiveness. Norton Henry and E. Craig both made many a hit that compelled strong rebuttal.

M. E. Church had a literary night on the last of Wednesday of April, at 509 South Wabash, under direction of Mrs. Meagher. The principal speaker turned out to be a blind hearing visitor from Denver, Col., by the name of Katie E. Atwood. Interestingly, she spoke of her vocation, for which she evinced great love. Her activities were devoted to keeping a "Home for Little Folks," 1147 West Mississippi Street, Denver. She spoke of having adopted one girl and one boy, both deaf. During her stay at Chicago with Cora Jacobs, she was invited to dine one Sunday to Mrs. Lacie Davis (formerly Mrs. Lacie Shelton), whose two sons used to be looked after by that invited guest before this family moved to Chicago.

Here is the movie corker, "Union Depot." Never mind the tangle part of it. It's truly a kaleidoscopic picture that puts you in a whirl, and on the jump from scene to scene, yet from within the maze of cross-currents, you soon will detach the plot, whose heels you are compelled to dog, so as not to lose sight of it, because of the people crossing and recrossing your path, as in the railroad depot. Talking is the minimum part of the show.

On chance talking books at a bazaar, held at C. D. C. house last March, a waist watch was won by Mrs. C. Williams; a French doll, by Mrs. Bert. Ose, and another French doll, by Mrs. M. O'Brien, sister of Father O'Brien, former pastor of the Catholic Church for the Deaf.

### WISCONSIN NOTES

The Annual Style Show and Gymnasium Exhibition was given in the Girl's Gymnasium at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf to a very large audience. Much credit is due Mr. Duncan Cameron, physical instructor for the boys, and Miss Leona Austin, who had charge of training the girls. The Style Show was one of the best ever given at the school. Over one hundred garments were made by the girls and displayed at the exhibition. Miss Nellie Pasage, Mrs. Frank Thomas and Mrs. Kenneth Catchpole were the judges, and their decision was as follows:—

The grand prize was given to Miss Adaline Malm for her excellent modeling and the number of beautiful garments she made. The tailored coat received special mention.

The second prize was given to Miss Lorraine Szablewski for the beautiful

workmanship on her party dress. She was also mentioned for her modeling. The second prize for modeling was given to Miss Marcella Hauser. She was also mentioned for her garments.

The third prize for modeling was given to Miss Viola Hanson.

The third prize for garments was given to Miss Sylvia Shadoski.

Honorable mention was given Lois Jerb for both modeling and garments.

Mrs. Floyd Hurdin and Mrs. Geneva Llewellyn had charge of the Style Show.

Supt. T. Emery Bray left Tuesday for Council Bluffs, Ia., where he joined his wife, who was visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. Bray returned home Saturday.

Miss Helen Martin, the only deaf and blind pianist in the world, gave a recital in the Delevan Baptist church Friday evening, May 6th, at 8 o'clock. Miss Martin played selections from Chopin, McDowell, Nevin, Bach, etc. She has drawn a full house in nearly every place in which she has appeared. The public of Delavan was invited to hear Miss Martin. A silver offering was taken.

Despite her handicaps Miss Martin does not live in the world of gloom and darkness. She is in touch with the outside world through magazines, the radio and correspondence. Atwater Kent has designed a radio specially for Miss Martin and presented it to her.

Miss Martin practices her music from four to six hours a day. She has committed to memory one hundred musical numbers.

Luther Taylor, 1900—1908 pitcher of the New York Giants, married Lenora Bjorquest at Ozark, Mo., April 18th, at her home near Ozark, on a 10-acre farm. Her brother, Augustus, went along and witnessed the wedding and then returned home, to Clinton, Ill. The deaf of Decatur, Ill., and vicinity gave them a farewell reception (including pot luck cafeteria diner) on May 11th.

### COLORED DEAF

Being somewhat optimistic concerning conditions now prevalent all over the country, or in other words misinformed, Messrs. Buchanan and Freeman, of Kansas City, Mo., were in the city recently seeking employment, but failed to land anything, so they proceeded on Milwaukee, Wis.

A pall of gloom was cast over our group last Monday, when news was flashed about announcing the death of Mr. W. B. Gaston.

Mr. W. R. Thomas has returned from a business combined with pleasure trip to Detroit, Mich.

Rumors circulated around recently that Mr. Pittman was quite low, but he appeared at a social gathering as hale and hearty as ever.

One of the largest social gatherings our group ever had for a long time gathered at Mrs. Harry Davis' apartment last Sunday evening, to join in celebrating of what was supposed to be in the nature of a surprise birthday party, engineered by her mother in her honor. She received many beautiful and appropriate birthday presents, and after games were participated in, delicious refreshments served they all departed for home, wishing her many happy returns of the day.

In spite of the threats of old Jupiter Pluvius, a large number of our group went their way to Mrs. Lottie Milbrou's apartments last Saturday night, where they were entertained at a whist. Mr. Boyd went home with first prize tucked securely under his arm. All present report the affair was highly enjoyable.

News reached us that the stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, of Detroit, recently, and left a seven and half pounds bouncing baby boy. Mother and baby doing well fine. Congratulations. Pass us the cigars, Waddell.

THREE FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

### PATERSON, N. J.

The third annual Masquerade Ball under auspices of the Paterson Silent Social Club was held at St. Boniface Hall on Saturday evening, April 30, 1932. A large number of hearing people attended the ball, also many deaf people from New York State. Everyone enjoyed themselves.

Cash prizes were awarded for costumes. The first prizes were won by Miss Frieda Heuser of Paterson, N. J., dressed as "Betsy Ross," and also by Mr. Richard Pokorny of New York, as an Argentine dancer.

The second prizes were awarded to Mrs. Hermann of Elizabeth, N. J., as "Topsy," and to Mr. Krumboltz, a hearing man of Paterson, N. J., as a blind man.

The third prizes to Julia Bouton of Paterson, N. J., as a butterfly, and Richard Mesick of Hawthorne, N. J., as a pirate.

The judges were Mr. Carr of New York, Mr. Hummer of Teaneck, N. J., Mr. Doyle of Hillside, N. J., and another, name unknown. The lucky number was held by Mr. Charles Miller.

Near the closing time, Albina Redman signed three different poems as follows:—"Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Coming Thro' the Rye." She rendered them beautifully.

Nervous Employer. "Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

Office Boy. "I ain't working, sir. I'm only whistling."—Selected.

## FANWOOD

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors was held at the Institution on Tuesday afternoon, May 17th, at four-thirty o'clock.

After the business session was over, the Election of Officers was in order, and the following were elected to serve for one year until the third Tuesday in May, 1933:—

### President

FRANCIS G. LANDON

### First Vice-President

WILLIAM M. V. HOFFMAN

### Second Vice-President

BRONSON WINTHROP

### Secretary

JOHN S. ROGERS

### Treasurer

WM. WICKHAM HOFFMAN

The Directors elected to serve three years until the third Tuesday in May, 1935, were:—

FREDERIC A. DE PEYSTER

STUART DUNCAN

EDWIN GOULD

WM. M. V. HOFFMAN

AYMAR JOHNSON

FRANCIS G. LANDON

E. PENNINGTON PEARSON

The annual field and track meet of the various athletic organizations of the school was held on Monday afternoon. The day was ideal for the running off of the various events, being warm and sunny. The meet was originally set for Friday, the 13th, but rain on that day caused a postponement.

In the morning the boys' playground was marked off, and looked like a regular athletic track, with the large white oval line and the distance markers for the various events.

There was quite a large assemblage of spectators to encourage the aspirants, consisting of the whole teaching staff and personnel of the school and a number of graduates, former pupils, and relatives.

The field day officials were as follows: Physical Director, Lieutenant Frank T. Lux; Physical Directress, Mrs. Mayme H. Voorhees; Judges, Dr. T. F. Fox and Prof. E. W. Iles. Timers, Mr. W. Renner and James Garrick; Director of Music, Lieutenant W. H. Edwards; Captain of Track, Cadet Thomas Kolenda; Captain of Track, Miss C. Fernando.

Promptly at the scheduled time, led by the band, the contestants paraded around the track in their multicolored running togs, after which the events were run off in clock-like order. It was a great day for the school boys and girls, and the rivalry was keen among the seasoned veterans down to the small tots in the 35-yard dash.

The contests closed with the mile run, which was an exciting affair, calling for eight laps. There were thirty-five entries, but the number quickly dwindled down after the third circuit, leaving only four or five at the finish, the winners being Albert Verdicchio first, George Herbst second, and Irving Gordon, third. Felix Kowalewski was among the leaders at the end, but fell exhausted twenty feet from the finish line.

Below is a summary of the events and the winners:—

Running Hop, Step, Jump—Bell, 1st; Mazur, 2d; Sherman, 3d. 34 ft. 10 in. (New record).

220 Yards Walk—Benison, 1st; Tedesco, 2d; Yuskas, 3d.

220 Yards Run—Kolenda, 1st; Hinson, 2d; Puski, 3d.

Running High Jump—Bell, 1st; Brown, 2d; Wilson, 3d.

Running High Jump (Girls)—Gordeau, 1st; Hager, 2d; Reston, 3d.

100 Yards Dash—Johnson, 1st; Capocci, 2d; Cairano, 3d. 11 flat. (New record).

50 Yards Dash (Girls)—Durso, 1st; Smith, 2d; Anderson, 3d.

54 Yards Hurdle—Mazur, 1st; Cairano, 2d; Capocci, 3d.

50 Yards Hurdle (Girls)—Durso, 1st; Auerbach, 2d; Smith, 3d.

Running Broad Jump—Brown, 1st; Ovary, 2d; Herbst, 3d. 18 ft. 7 in. (New record).

Running Broad Jump (Girls)—Koplowitz, 1st; Kaercher, 2d; Hager, 3d.

Basketball Throw (Girls)—Rudzevics, 1st; Gourdeau, 2d; O'Brien, 3d.

One Mile Run—Verdicchio, 1st; Herbst, 2d; Gordon, 3d; Trapanese, 4th.

440 Yards Relay (Girls)—Durso, 1st; Johnson, 2d; Mazur, 3d.

880 Yards Relay—Cairano, 1st; Shafran, 2d; Mazur, 3d.

Highest individual number of points (Boys)—Ivan Bell.

Highest individual number of points (Girls)—Christine Durso.

At the conclusion of the games, Physical Director Lux complimented all for the exertion of their best efforts, and then Dr. Fox awarded the prizes to the winners.

Mrs. Mayme H. Voorhees, girls' physical director, chaperoned a party of about thirty girls on May 15th, to the Chanin Theatre to witness a pageant of the world's folklore as interpreted by songs and dances. It was under the auspices of the Folk Festival Council, composed of people of twenty-four different nationalities, and its purpose is to give the people of New York an opportunity to enjoy the contributions of other countries to the folk arts.

Others in the party included Miss Dolph and her mother, Mrs. Iles and

son, Misses Wenrich and Gunther. All report a most interesting time.

At the theatre they met Mr. Chalf, of the Chalf Dance Studios, who was at our recent gym exhibit, and he extended an invitation to a limited number of girls to a reception at his studio next week. Mrs. Voorhees will select the lucky ones for the rare treat in store for them.

Mrs. Paul Kees, of New Jersey, was a caller at the JOURNAL office Tuesday, in company with Mrs. S. Frankenheim.

Mr. Victor O. Skyberg, Superintendent of the Minnesota School, and Mrs. Skyberg, were visitors here on Monday.

## OHIO

In the Ohio Chronicle of May 7th, Mr. Fred A. Moore, makes his bow as editor of our school paper. He says that he has "no big idea of trying to reform anything," but hopes to make the paper serve not only the school, but the alumni, too. Mr. Moore, since coming to Ohio, has been in the chicken business north of Columbus, and we must not be surprised if chicken news sometimes creep into his editorials.

# "Bouncing Betty's" Grand Trek

By Andy Mack  
(Twentieth Installment)

In the office we met Mrs. Marshall Hester, the clerk, who quickly told us Dr. Long was probably enjoying an afternoon nap. However, in the Long apartment we met the good man himself, whose faith that an old car like "Bouncing Betty" would not fall apart, like the famous old one-horse shay of poetic fame, had at last enabled us to pay him a visit on his own stamping grounds. Mrs. Long was not present, being at Lincoln, Nebraska. We remained with Dr. Long until sundown, chatting, planning, sight-seeing, reviewing the college days, the trend and passing of time and in inspecting all of the buildings. We found the school to be the best equipped of any we had seen. For hours we remained, unable to dislodge ourselves from the presence of the fine gentleman.

In the kitchen we saw them making jam and jellies from grapes. Dr. Long surmised the thoughts in our young minds and the cravings of our stomachs, and told us to help ourselves and relieve our appetites, but Miss Elizabeth Peet's frequent talks on etiquette at college, gave us enough will-power to take a bunch of grapes and swallow our cravings for more. Dr. Long was happy to tell us of the plan of the school to go on a full-time high school curriculum. When the time to part came he took a sheet of paper and drew a rough sketch of the location of Mr. Tom Anderson's home in Council Bluffs.

We encountered some more of the numerous Dobsons—Chester's father and his sister Mary. Mr. Anton Netusil of the woodworking department, and Mr. Eugene McConnell of the printing department, were very courteous and showed us around the newly completed vocational building. We also saw the bookbinder, run by Mr. Norman Scarvie, Gallaudet, '27. Dr. Long was very glad to show us the fine new gymnasium but appeared to regret having no teams comparable with the structure itself. When Dr. Long was at Gallaudet, he captained the football team that beat the U. S. Naval Academy.

Halfway up the Turley Avenue hill stands a yellow cottage, where the Anderson family resides. We parked in front of that house shortly after supper time, for we had conversed so long with Dr. Long that time and supper had been forgotten, besides we weren't hungry. The Andersons, Tom and Effie, were glad we had stopped to see them, but Tom gave me a lecture on the proper sign to use to mean children without indulging in the popular slang sign for the same. After discussing diverse subjects for several hours, Bill suddenly recollected that he had told Auntie he would be back at supper time. How the Andersons laughed when "Bouncing Betty" started to roll down hill all in one piece.

One thing that irks all commuters between Council Bluffs and Omaha is the toll bridge. Since we had to go that way again on our way to Des Moines, Iowa, we deemed it best to pay the toll, rather than to try speeding over without paying it. Robbers, thieves, money-grabbers, were the words we felt like uttering as we paid the twenty-cent toll.

Late that night we slumbered again on a comfortable bed, but early the next morning we were up and ready to start again. Bill's Kodak worked overtime snapping some pictures of the happy group, and then Uncle Brandell, to make everything complete, took out an American flag and fastened it to "Bouncing Betty." The flag remained with us until we were twenty miles from Washington, D. C., when the wind and rain snapped it off. Finally we wired the flag to the radiator, where it proudly rustled before the breeze.

Besides having a highly chalked body, the college name in the rear and destinations on the sides, she had two captions in the rear, "Re-elect Hoover" on the left, and "Vote for Roosevelt" on the right, the better to let the public know we were 50-50 non-partisans in politics.

Iowa has good roads and thoroughfares between the larger cities are as good as can be found in any state. Des Moines is nearly 150 miles from Council Bluffs, and without any trouble we arrived there about noon. Iowa is a corn and cereal country, and we passed acres and acres of tall corn standing in the sun. Fine roads made it possible to do good time. We had no delays and nothing bothered us. Our California fruit cake was showing signs of mold, the result of the desert heat a week before. Of all our fruit we still had some oranges and hen fruit—eggs.

In Des Moines we parked in front of a garage and then went off to hunt for a bank to cash Bill's check. When we came back from the bank, the sky was dark and drops of rain were already falling. We wondered what was best to do and sat in the car a moment to discuss the question. Sometimes Bill and I did not use signs and neither did we speak orally; we merely concentrated on the questions and tried to deduct a solution.

This time it happened that four Des Moines deaf boys had seen our car, with the emblazoned name of the college in the rear, a thing their

startled eyes refused to believe. Gallaudetans are not wont to go traveling the way we did. When we sat so quietly without a sign or spelled word, the boys suspicious that we were impostors became stronger and they approached to ask us something, when we started to talk with them in their own language.

The four were the Baldrige brothers, John and Emo and two others by the name of Sullivan and Robinson. It did not take long for us to prove that we were really college boys, and in no time we were on our way to visit a '31 graduate, Konrad Hokanson. We found Hokanson at home and engaged in packing his belongings, since he was leaving the next day for his new position at the Utah School. From the Hokanson household we were led to East Grand Avenue, to the business location of a classmate of mine, Jeanette Lutz, ex-'33. Jeanette was not at home, but her father, mother and brother, welcomed us, and while chatting we quenched our thirst with a pint of cool milk.

Although it was already mid-afternoon the road was such a good one that we kept on at a good rate of speed. Corn country, with its acres upon acres of fast ripening corn, made us readily understand why Iowans are commonly referred to as "corn huskers."

At Grinnell we passed the site of Grinnell College, one of the leading secondary educational institutions in the state. U. S. Highway 32 is a well kept road with hills here and there. As darkness descended upon us, we found that our lights were much weaker than we had anticipated. The battery, for which we had traded our old one in Kansas, was steadily growing weaker. Recharging would not help any, and since we had a good magnet, it was only a question of starting the motor, after which the generator would charge the weak battery and keep the current flowing to the spark plugs.

While the road was a good one, it was only two lanes wide and cars were going at a fast rate of speed in both directions. Gradual inclines, which natives call hills, were encountered, and while they should not have given "Bouncing Betty" any trouble in climbing them, on this night the motor went on a vacation and left us with trouble on our hands. First the engine started misfiring and it was a hard job to make the car climb a little hill.

We thought nothing of this incident, since we coasted, "free-wheel," down hill and went half way up the next hill before the misfiring again was very pronounced. The low speed band needed adjusting and we stopped and adjusted it to our satisfaction. Still the motor did not work perfectly. Testing the spark plugs showed that they were all firing when the car was idling.

Up and over a few more little hills and we got the idea that the best way to cure an ailing motor like "Bouncing Betty" was to "work the illness out of the system" by running the motor and paying little attention to it. At least, we reasoned, hadn't the "illness" come by itself? Therefore it was only being logical to think the "illness" would in time go away just as it had come—by itself. But in this case the "illness" of the motor did not die a natural death.

Rather it increased to such proportions that, after climbing a hill by using low gear and then descending it and partially climbing another, we had a dead motor on our hands. First we halted on the paved surface of the road to diagnose our trouble. There was plenty of gasoline in the tank and the fuel flowed into the carburetor. There seemed to be a spark at the plugs and the coils were functioning all right. Yet we could not crank it and turning the motor over with the starter only served to make the battery weaker. We tried to push it, but found that our efforts only sent the car off the road into the soft soil, since it had rained hard the night before.

A passing motorist kindly halted upon our request and taking our tow rope he pulled "Bouncing Betty" until the motor started, after the rope had been broken twice. After thanking the kind gentleman for his aid, we managed to limp along slowly until we reached a service station, where we attempted to diagnose our trouble.

Our spark coils were all right, we were sure of this, but the service station attendant was anxious to play with them, a thing we refused to tolerate. About the same time we got the idea that we had oiled the timer not quite enough of late and the trouble might be there. Acting on this impulse, we took the timer off, and sure enough the inner case was very badly worn. It happened that we had three spare timers with us and in a few minutes we had another timer in place and the motor was running smoothly again.

We thanked the service station man for his aid, and at the same time observed that several of the young men loitering around were acting queerly and had a strong smell of alcohol. Not desiring any trouble with them, we quickly started on the road again.

Our lights were weak and we were tired, so we turned up a side road near West Liberty, Iowa, and camped in the mud, because it had rained some time before and coun-

try side roads are comparable to hog wallows after a rainstorm. We had traveled 280 miles since leaving Omaha, the same morning, on ten gallons of gasoline.

During the night our beds did not prove very comfortable, because of the prevailing damp atmosphere. We finally solved this problem by placing ourselves between the canvas and going back to sleep.

At dawn we were up and, after foraging for some fuel, had a hot breakfast that thoroughly warmed us.

Shortly we started for Davenport, Iowa, where we arrived long before eight o'clock. We turned up U. S. Highway 61 to Davenport, up to a small town named Delmar. There we hunted for an Irishman and fellow collegian, John G. O'Brien, '32. We had no trouble at all in finding him. At the first house we stopped a good-natured housewife directed us to O'Brien's cousin, who lived on the hill across the road. Upon getting "Bouncing Betty" stuck in the soft mud, we walked to the farm house where the farmer laughed at our story and told us to eat our fill of grapes, fresh from the vine.

Shortly we found O'Brien on an other relative's farm, where we were guests of honor at a gigantic luncheon prepared by the hands of his aunt. Having nothing else to do, we took a quart of kerosene and as much water and proceeded to force the motor's suction to suck it into the intake manifold to soften the carbon, at the same time raising a lot of smoke.

All afternoon we went visiting more of the O'Brien's relatives—there are about two hundred of them living in that locality. At sundown we took "Bouncing Betty" to the O'Brien homestead, where we met the family. Persons having resided on a farm do not have to be told what is to be found there, but in this case there were four old Fords with plenty of good parts, about three or four attractive young girls, a fine table and even more hospitality, along with several young boys a few years younger than ourselves, all Irish. Between taking spare parts from the old Fords, joking and teasing the girls, talking with the elders and playing with the boys, nothing was lacking.

A warm discussion took place between Mr. O'Brien, Sr., and a relative, when they saw the chalked sides of "Bouncing Betty" appealing for the re-election of Hoover. A long debate went on as they sat on the front porch, airing the presidential prospects and they seemed to hold the destiny of the country in their hands. Now with Roosevelt, they declared, it was a different matter, and so on.

Long after supper some more relatives dropped in for a social call. Until late that night we heard forecasts on the weather, the prices of corn and wheat and their probable rise, cattle prices, how it is best to raise children and again the presidential election. These Iowans certainly know how to talk, and state their opinions frankly and straight-forward.

Late in the evening the family circle broke up and once again we had a nice bed to ourselves, but were up early the next morning to partake of a big breakfast. Then we started to change some parts from the old Fords to "Bouncing Betty." Meanwhile Bill and Johnny went riding on the pony—at least they tried to ride. Johnny wanted to go East and return to college with us, and for a time our hopes were high that "Bouncing Betty's" cargo might be further burdened by another individual. But it was near harvest time, when every hand is needed on a farm, and the O'Briens are a hard working family, placing labor first and pleasure afterwards, so Johnny had to stay at home.

The postman brought a welcomed letter from Ivan Curtis, Gallaudet '33, who was working in a hotel at Saratoga Springs, New York. Curtis with a group of boys had purchased a Chevrolet touring car and departed for their job about the same time we left for the west. But theirs had not been a very long trip, because in going across some railroad tracks after having passed through the Hudson Tubes into New York City from Jersey City, N. J., their crankshaft had cracked and wrecked the power plant. The boys disposed of their wreck to a junkman at a low figure. This was the news contained in the letter.

Later in the morning we picked Concord grapes from vines that climbed thirty feet up on an elm tree. We took a few ears of corn to add to our souvenirs with which to stock our room at college, and to show to Professor Harley D. Drake, who is never too busy to boast of the various famous farm products that Ohio produces.

In the afternoon, after a hearty lunch, we had a happy parting with the whole family. Several of Johnny's younger brothers would have gladly gone along with us, but Pa O'Brien knows that the farm is one of the best places to keep young boys out of mischief, so his sons remained at home. Mr. O'Brien, although a shrewd and good humored Irishman, who knows how to take care of his money, was very generous to us. He gave us five gallons of gasoline, filled up our radiator with water, filled our stomachs with good home-cooked food, gave us the run

of the farm and many spare Ford parts, a big basket of fresh grapes and some early apples, besides his blessing for a safe journey.

At Davenport we made connections with U. S. Highway 30, better known as the Lincoln Highway. We passed through Clinton, Iowa, and kept on to Lyons, Iowa, where a long bridge spans the Mississippi River. Like most bridges across this wide river, this one had a twenty-five cent toll charge. We were very hungry again so we halted on the top deck of the double deck bridge to eat our dinner. We had a wonderful view of the broad Mississippi as we ate our cold dinner.

(To be continued.)

## Newark, N. J.

THE 5-YEAR OLD GIRL WHO IS VOICE AND EARS FOR HER DEAF-MUTE DADDY AND MAMMA

Charles Moran in the Magazine Section of the New York Mirror

Advanced far beyond her years, little Gloria Louise Zachman, nearing her fifth birthday, has faced vicissitudes of life with a lightness of heart akin to the gold in her little head, and a cheery impishness that twinkles like the transparent blue of her sparkling little eyes. She is not unlike other little girls her age, except that Gloria has been forced to surmount obstacles that might easily prove too great for adults. The daughter of deaf-mutes, interrupting their quiet serene life after fifteen years of marital happiness, she has not only reshaped the lives of her father and mother, but has brought sunshine into the lives of her grandparents as well.

As if Providence had a hand in the moulding of this child's life, she is possessed of an aptitude for things which neither her mother or father have known in their adult lives through experience. She is fond of music, and has a luring childish quality in her efforts to sing with more attention to tune than the average child of her years.

Gloria first talked when she was seventeen months old, and to hear her grandmother tell it, she has not stopped since. And she never talked baby-lingo for one minute. Her conversion from the very first consisted of entire words and then entire sentences which she composed herself.

Anthony Zachman lost his hearing when he was eight years old. His parents, confused by this burden, sent Anthony from his Jersey City home to Trenton school for the deaf and dumb. There he revealed dual interests. One was for a girl near his age, who had suffered the loss of the two great senses when she was just out of babyhood. The other was for rug-making. Four years Anthony studied diligently, and then returned to his home. At Newark he completed his apprenticeship at rug-making and a few years later he returned to Trenton for Anne, and she became his wife.

Anthony's parents, meanwhile, had settled in West New Brighton, Staten Island. Anthony moved into a little house beside them. Then followed fourteen years of happiness. Anthony knitted away at his looms, and his deaf and dumb wife took care of his home. One difficulty with operating his own shop at the rear of his house was confronted, because neither could hear, and sometimes Anthony's mother would not be around. This way customers sometimes would go away, because they could not arouse anyone within the house. So Anthony, some years after they were married, one day brought home a dog, a little terrier named Nellie. And when a peddler or a customer rang the doorbell, Nellie would stand in front of her master or mistress and bark to their faces. They could not hear her, but they knew something was afoot, and always investigated.

Fourteen years passed swiftly and serenely by, and then one day the neighborhood was excited by the prospects of the Zachmans. Anna was going to have a baby! Gloria came, at first to bewilder her mute parents; then, through her constant changing, and interesting development, to amuse them; and finally, when she was able to walk and talk and understand them, to bring a ray of light into the silence of their lives that they had never hoped to possess. Their happiness in their child is superlative to the greatest degree.

When she was just a wee little girl of seventeen months, after she had spoken her first word, there was a difficult problem to be surmounted. But her mother and grandmother Zachman faced it while the fortitude of Teutonic women; and little Gloria, again as though the hand of Providence interfered, never asked questions. It was necessary to demonstrate to the child that means slightly different from the ordinary had to be taken to show her that her mother and father were just a bit different than grandma and grandpa. Gracefully and tactfully this was accomplished and little Gloria gave her attention to learning the "sign language" as she learned English.

The result is that at four she can converse with her parents with her arms and hands as she is talking to

some one else, and explain to her mother or father the topic of the audible conversation.

This has been going on since Gloria was two, and now her first instinct is to talk in the muted language, and frequently she will indicate to her grandmother something with her hands, instead of talking.

It was after the arrival of Gloria that faithful Nellie proved her worth. Nellie was no thoroughbred dog, and so did not feel her position had been usurped with the baby Gloria's entrance into the household.

It was indeed a burden for Anthony and Anne when Gloria was a tiny baby. Nothing penetrated the silence of their lives during waking hours. Sometimes, though, their sense of sight aided them. In the night, when Gloria was a small child there was nothing. That is, nothing except Nellie. And when Gloria cried loud and required attention for any of the innumerable things that a baby in arms requires attention for, Nellie would climb into bed with Anthony and Anne and arouse them by pulling the covers from their bed, and leading them to the crib of their child.

Like a trusty servant, Nellie performed these tasks even to the day she was retired. Old age overcame her and she had to be destroyed. But her parents could not bear to convey to little Gloria that Nellie was leaving for good. She went to the hospital. And now a year since Nellie has gone, Gloria is performing her tasks, waiting for the day her pet will be well enough to come home.

When the doorbell rings, little Gloria rushes to open it and interviews the person at the door. If it is an agent selling anything the answer is standard.

"My mother doesn't want anything today," she declares, her little face frowning on the intruder.

But if the caller indicates that perhaps he might want to have a rug made, that is a much different story. "Right this way, please," she'll say, walking off the porch and leading the caller around the house to the shop where her father labors at his looms.

And so, nearing her fifth birthday, little Gloria Louise Zachman speaks and understands a bit of German to beguile her grandparents with; employs the sign language with her father and mother; and keeps up a rapid-fire conversation in English with almost anybody except an agent selling something, who calls at her home.

Unable to be guided by radio or musical instruments in her own home she has shown a marked love and aptitude for music in the home of her grandparents. Her ear for lyrics and tunes is possibly more acute than a smart five-years-old child. And so oblivious of the obstacles that blocked her path, little Gloria has almost surmounted those which fate laid across her path before it is time for her to go to school and learn to meet the ordinary problems of life. And yet, she is still a baby, child-like in her fancies and impish in her desires.

I am not afraid of people thinking. It is action without thinking I am afraid of. I do not care how much they think, and I do not care very much on what lines they think, because once you think the right thing will come in the end. Do not be afraid of people thinking; it is only those who have things that will not bear thinking about that you have to fear. It is only those who have vested interests that are indefensible, that are corrupt, that are oppressive, that are wrong, that are unjust—they, and they alone, need fear thinking.

Lloyd George.

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Reserved for Ball BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23 N. F. S. D. March 18th, 1933 Ed. BAUM, Chairman

Reserved for Manhattan Div. No. 87 November 26, 1932

**Brooklyn Division No. 23**  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf  
201 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
First Saturdays  
Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary  
1567 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
**Entertainments**  
Every third Saturday  
April 16—Movies, S. E. Pachter  
May 21—Strawberry Festival, C. H. Klein  
June 18—Stage Magic, P. J. Dillane  
Aug. 27—Annual Picnic, A. Fogel  
Sept. 17—Particulars later.  
Oct. 15—Halloween, Edward Baum  
Nov. 19—Thanksgiving, B. Friedwald  
Dec. 17—Particulars later.

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If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

**Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.**  
Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.  
Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

**Clerc Literary Association**  
Founded September 22, 1865  
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.  
Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.  
Charles Partington, President; George T. Sanders, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

**Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.**  
Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.  
Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 p.m., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.  
Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**St. Ann's Church for the Deaf**  
511 West 148th Street, New York City  
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar  
Church services every Sunday at 3 p.m. Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.  
Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

**Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.**  
143 West 125th Street, New York City.  
Club Rooms open the year round.  
Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 p.m. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

**Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes**  
Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.  
SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS  
May 21—"Poverty Party," Emma Schnakenberg.  
June 11—Gallaudet. Mrs. H. Leibsohn.  
October 29—Halloween Party. Miss Avis Allen.  
November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams.  
December 17—Christmas Festival. Mrs. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman.

**PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.**  
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Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays.  
Rooms open Thursdays and Sundays.

**Detroit Association of the Deaf**  
Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

**Manhattan Division, No. 87**  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Joseph Worzel, 1907 Loring Place, Bronx, N. Y. City.

**W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)**  
Meets at the "Marlotte" Building, 201 South Third Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Business meetings on every third Friday of each month. Socials and other affairs will be advertised in the Journal. Silent movies 2d and 4th Sunday evening of each month except June, July and August. Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit the club room.  
THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., also meets at same place every first Friday of each month. Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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**Holiday Bus Excursion**  
to the  
**Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf**  
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**Monday, May 30th, 1932**  
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Busses start at 8 A.M. sharp from  
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One block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave. Local Stations  
**Saturday, June 18, 1932**  
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(Including Refreshments)  
ALBERT DOWNS, Chairman

**Little Coney Island**  
Auspices  
**Deaf-Mutes' Union League**  
143 West 125th Street, New York City  
**Saturday, May 21, 1932**  
at 8 p.m.  
MUSIC DANCING  
PRIZES  
Admission, 25 Cents  
Depression Party..... Sat., June 11th  
Hallow'en Party..... Sat., Oct. 29th  
Thanksgiving Dance..... Wed., Nov. 23d  
LESTER COHEN, Chairman.

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announces their  
**Annual Picnic**  
on  
**Saturday, August 6, 1932**  
(Afternoon and Evening)  
at  
**HOFFMAN'S PARK AND CASINO**  
Havemeyer and Haviland Aves., Unionport, N. Y.  
Directions to park—Bronx (Lexington or 7th Avenue) subway to 177th Street Station, then take 180th Street Crosstown trolley marked Unionport, get off at Havemeyer Avenue.

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Reserved for Picnic  
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23  
N. F. S. D.  
August 27, 1932  
Reserved for  
WESTCHESTER DIV. NO. 114  
N. F. S. D.  
November 12, 1932